



## THE MONONGALIA MIRROR

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## Original.

### COMMUNICATED.

#### HINTS ON EDUCATION.—NO. 3.

Mr. Editor,—

Every careful observer of the customs and manners of society must be convinced of the fact that there are but few families where a truly enlightened policy is pursued in regard to the work of raising children. Yet this is not owing to the want of a desire on the part of parents to do that which is right, but to a lack of the opportunity and means of informing their minds in relation to the nature and real wants of the little ones committed to their care. Some seem to think of nothing but the rearing of work-hands,—they have always had to work and intend to make their children work too—that they do; and so these tender plants of immortality have to drudge on from early dawn till evening twilight, all through their youthful days; while the soul is left to wither and droop in the gloomy prison of ignorance, with nothing to nourish it but the insipid thoughts of other minds as little expanded as its own. Another class thinks of nothing but the mind. Health—every thing else is sacrificed at the shrine of intellectual improvement. Their children shall not be slaves to labor—not at all; they are going to educate them. And what is the consequence? They grow up dwarfish, deathly looking objects, with too little strength of body to pursue successfully their studies, or to display the mind after all its cultivation. Again, there is another class who bend all their efforts to the religious education of their children—to training them to think on every thing as they do. They are unwilling for them to read or hear any thing that is not in strict accordance with their notions of orthodoxy; and so they grow up with narrow minds and darkened understanding; and, being incapable of reasoning, unless their hearts are really under the influence of divine grace, are very easily led by skeptics into a disbelief of those very principles which their parents took so much pains to instill.—And there is yet another class who do not seem to trouble themselves at all about their children, any further than to feed and clothe them. They let them grow up idle, ignorant and reckless. Such children are allowed to go where they please, mingle in what company they please, spend the Sabbath as they please and take from others what they please; and when they become men and women, they generally continue to follow their own pleasure till it leads them to the prison or the gallows.

Now in order to correct these errors in education, the constitution of man must be studied. It must be remembered that he is body and spirit united—that he is a physical, social, intellectual and accountable being; and that his usefulness and happiness in this life depend upon the proper and harmonious development of all his powers. If the body is feeble and diseased, the mind which is the thinking faculty of the spirit, is more or less affected by it; and if the soul is in trouble, the body also partakes of its sufferings, and not unfrequently is brought to dissolution by them. Hence we see the importance of neglecting neither in the great work of education.

SERA.

A Good Reason.—I say, printer, do you take Manhattan Money?

"No."

"What's the reason—ain't it good?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you take it then?"

"Can't get it."

## LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

By Telegram for the Baltimore American.

### ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA.

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

HALIFAX, Oct. 27.—The royal mail steamship Niagara, Capt. Leitch, from Liverpool on Saturday, 15th inst., arrived here at one o'clock this morning.

The Collins steamship Arctic, from New York, on the 1st inst., arrived out on Wednesday, 12th.

The Sultan has announced that if the Russians do not evacuate the Principality within fifteen days, Turkey will consider it as a case of declared war, and will act accordingly, but will not at present cross the Danube.

The proclamation of war is posted on all the Mosques.

The Sultan has invited the combined fleets to Constantinople.

The Black Sea is free to neutral flags.

Louis Napoleon is reported to have stated on the 12th inst., that unless Russia yields war must be proceeded with.

A Paris correspondent writes that in the private Constantinople letters the Eastern question is examined in every point of view, and the conclusion unanimously comes to is that there is no escape from war.

The Paris correspondent of the London Globe says:—"Notwithstanding all that we hear of preparations for the war, the impression here that peace will be preserved is very general."

The number of offers of aid to the Turkish government from Poles, Hungarians, &c., is almost incredible. These offers are not confined to the refugees in France—they have come from the United States, from Hungary, Poland and Italy.

Russian agents are actively engaged in stirring up insurrections in Turkey.

The Emperor of Russia has authorized the free importation in any port of Finland all the materials for equipping ships. This privilege to endure for five years.

A number of English officers, most of them all, belonging to the Indian service, are moving between the Turkish camps, and a number are also now on their way to Constantinople.

A letter from Turin says the Piedmontese government had refused to admit M. Foresti, a naturalized American, as Consul for the United States, alleging that he is a disciple of Mazzini's.

The Paris police have made a search for Kossuth in the house of Mr. Kif, a Hungarian. Kossuth, however, was not there.

Corn may be imported into the Papal States duty free, until February next.

IRELAND.—The Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, who has just returned from a visit to Ireland, gives a most favorable and glowing account of the work of religious reformation in progress in that country. Thousands upon thousands of the people are leaving the Church of Rome, and embracing the religion of the Saviour as it is taught in the Sacred Volume. This economy, thrift, energy and neatness that have heretofore characterized the Protestant Christians of Ireland are promptly indicated by the new converts, (or "apostates," as our Roman Catholic friends kindly insist upon calling them) and hence they are accused of being bribed to profess conversion—a vain and expensive system of proselytizing, truly! Dr. Tyng says that though there are a few persons in England and the United States madly going into the Church of Rome, there are thousands in Ireland and upon the Continent daily coming out of it.—*Balt. Clipper.*

### Riot Among Irish Laborers.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 26.—A bloody riot took place last night, about three miles west of Washington, between two parties of Irish Railroad laborers. A party of Connaught men, from the Stoullville Railroad, whilst passing along the National Road, to work on the Hempfield Road, met a party of Cork-connians, when a terrible row ensued. Two men had their skulls fractured, and were otherwise seriously injured—one is not expected to live. The military and a posse of police were called out to day, and fifty were arrested, but the others escaped. The prisoners, under a strong guard, are now being examined.

A Western editor says he once heard ex-Senator Tom Corwin remark that, when "he first entered an office to study law, he was the subject for ridicule for every student in town on account of his homespun dress; but," adds he, "I have lived to see every one of them ten times as ragged as I was at that time—and why? I was economical—they were spendthrifts."

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

EXTRACTS FROM "A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MOST PROMINENT ARTICLES ON EXHIBITION."

From the West Chester Register and Examiner.

We have in the American department a good collection of bells, one weighing 2,015 lbs.; and close beside are two of Wheeler, Wilson & Co.'s Sewing Machines, and a lady at one of them with her foot upon a treadle, not unlike in the days of yore, when our grandmothers were young women, and the flax was to spin. Take care, ladies, the old time is coming back, and you will have to go to the wheel again. But you may congratulate yourselves on the change; the old spinning-wheel is exchanged for a machine that will sew a seam three feet long in a minute, and put in twenty-five stitches to the inch. While you rest your arms leisurely on a little table or stand, and draw the article through, you are sewing, working the foot at the same time to keep it going. The operator informs me they (the machine, not the operator) can be supplied at \$125 a-piece. One of them will not occupy more room in a house than an ordinary candle stand. J. M. Singer has a patent sewing machine near the above; price \$100. I am not able to tell which is the best; the first is rather the neatest, and don't make quite as much noise as the other. Either of them makes more noise than a spinning-wheel, (perhaps if I were to say a churn it would be better understood.)

A very fine marble coffin may be seen, with a glass lid, through which the corps may be seen after it is entirely sealed up.

In the production of cloths, carpets, calicoes, and such things, Uncle Sam stands rather in the rear. The French, English and German surpassing him in quality, if not in quantity.

There is also an army and navy department. All the requisites for killing men are here; cannons, guns, swords, and pistols, in profusion. It is surprising to see the degree of perfection that they have attained in making things to cut people's heads off, blow out their brains, and make bullet holes through them. Colt's revolving pistols are here, some hundred different kinds are exhibited, of all lengths, from 3 inch barrels up to one foot in length. Some with revolving barrels and others with simply a revolving breech with sufficient barrel to hold the loads, which will all be thrown through one barrel.

Sharp's breech loading rifle is also here, and rifles upon the principle of the breech revolving pistols, by which nine charges may be discharged as fast as the trigger can be drawn. The loads are deposited in a cast steel wheel, in holes that enter like those for the spokes in the hub of a carriage-wheel; in these holes, which are the exact size of that in the rifle barrel, nine loads are deposited, and each one has its own percussion cap. The wheel revolves vertically with its circumference in connexion with the posterior end of the rifle barrel; as the hammer is raised the wheel turns so as to bring a load to the end of the rifle barrel, from where it may be shot out; some of the wheels turn horizontally. Had I as much interest in fowling as some men, I would want such a rifle. Another rifle has a repository for about sixty loads, that does not make its size equal to that of a double barreled gun, and these sixty loads may all be discharged in two minutes and a half.

There are some beautiful carpets in the French department; one thirty feet square and nearly half an inch thick, it is flowered with a richness that exceeds the bounds of description. It is a real floral kingdom; red, yellow, green, blue, all mingling in harmonious association, and representing every part of the flower with the freshness of life.

The Germans exhibit some very fine cloths; also much finery work for ladies that I shall not attempt to describe.

The Swiss have very richly colored calicoes, with plain and gaudy figures. A little gold watch in their part deserves especial notice; it is less than half an inch in diameter, yet ticks away with all the exactness of a town clock.

The Austrians show us some fine cloths, calicoes, carpets, and fine work for ladies.

The French and English rather take the lead in ornamental china ware; it is the only thing that the English have done a reasonable share at. In this the United States are minus altogether, I believe.

The mineral department of the United States is not yet fairly exhibited; large masses of coal, lead, copper, native and in the state of ore, iron, and zinc, are on hand, but not yet put up for exhibition. We surpass all other nations by far in agricultural implements; horse rakes, corn shellers, wheat fans, threshing machines, &c., by scores, occupying a very large part of our share of the building.

There is no part of the building better filled than that allotted to the German and French, and no part so bare as that allotted to England; some think John Bull has got his dander up about something, and has to take a post before he comes on. I think the secret of it is, they feel a little humbugged by the contradictory reports of when the fair was to open, and have held back on that account. Goods are coming in every day. Spaces that were empty four days ago are now full. But no one need stay away till all gets here; there is enough here now to occupy a week in looking at.

It is announced, for the benefit of those persons who did not get a sight at the comet, that it will again appear before the public, for a few nights only, in the autumn of 2147.

## MY BOY.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

I CAN not make him dead!  
His fair sunny head  
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;  
Yet when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,  
And, through the open door,  
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;  
I'm stepping toward the hall,  
To give the boy a call,  
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I tread the crowded street,  
A sachel'd lad I meet,  
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;  
And, as he's running by,  
Follow him with my eye,  
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin-lid;  
Closed are his eyes; cold his forehead fair;  
My hand that marble felt;  
O'er it in prayer I kneel;  
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I can not make him dead!  
When passing by his bed,  
So long watched over with paternal care,  
My spirit and my eye  
Seek it imploringly,  
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool, grey break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air,  
My soul goes up with joy,  
To him who gave my boy,  
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,  
What'er I may be saying,  
I am, in spirit, praying  
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there? Where, then, is he?  
The form I need to see  
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.  
The grave that now doth press  
Upon the cast-off dress,  
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives! In all the past  
He lives; nor to the last  
Of seeing him again will I despair;  
In dreams I see him now,  
And on his angel brow  
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!  
Father, thy chastening rod  
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
That, in the spirit-land,  
Meeting at thy right hand,  
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there.

At Springfield, Mass., a lady sent the following volunteer toast:—"Spruce old bachelors, the evergreens of society."

## HOME.

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely—  
Joys no stranger heart can tell."

What a charm rests on the endearing name—MY HOME! consecrated by domestic love, that golden key of human happiness. Without this, home would be like a temple stripped of its garlands; there a father welcomes, with fond affection; a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial; there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to lisp the name of Jesus; and there a loved sister dwells, the companion of early days.

Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below, it is home—sweet home! It is like the oasis of the desert. The passing of our days may be painful; our path may be chequered by sorrow and care; unkindness and frowns may wither the joyousness of the heart, of face the happy smiles from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears, yet, when the memory hovers over the past, there is no place in which it so delights to linger, as the loved scenes of childhood's home! It is the polar star of existence.

What cheers the mariner, far away from his native land in a foreign port, or tossed upon the bounding billows, as he paces the deck at midnight alone—what thoughts fill his breast? He is thinking of the loved ones far away at his own happy cottage; in his mind's eye he sees the smiling group seated around the cheerful fire-side. In imagination he hears them uniting their voices in singing the sweet songs which he loves. He is anticipating the hour when he shall return to his native land, to greet those absent ones so dear to his heart.

Why rests that deep shade of sadness upon the stranger's brow, as he seats himself amid the family circle. He is surrounded by all the luxuries wealth can afford; happy faces gather around him, and strive in vain to win a smile! Ah! he is thinking of his own sweet home; of the loved ones assembled within his own cheerful cot.

Why those tears which steal down the cheeks of that young and lovely girl, as she mingles in the social circle? Ah! she is an orphan; she, too, had a happy home; its loved ones are now sleeping in the cold and silent tomb.—The gentle mother who watched over her infancy, and hushed her to sleep with a lullaby, which a mother only can sing, in girlhood days taught her of the Saviour, and tuned her youthful voice to sing praises to His name, has gone to the mansions of joy above, and is mingling her songs, and tuning her golden harp, with bright angels in heaven. Poor one! She is now left to tread the golden path of life, a lonely, homeless wanderer.

Thus it is in this changing world.—The objects most dear are snatched away. We are deprived of the friends whom we most love, and our cherished home is rendered desolate. "Passing away," is engraved on all things earthly. But there is a home that knows no change, where separation never takes place; where the sorrowing ones of this world may obtain relief for all their griefs, and where the sighs and tears of earth are exchanged for unending songs of joy. This home is found in heaven.

In the shadowy past, there is one sweet reminiscence which the storms of life can never wither; it is the recollection of home.

In the visioned future, there is one bright star whose lustre never fades; it is the hope of home—of a heavenly home.—*Musical Visitor.*

## Interior of Africa.

A German traveller has discovered a race of negroes, near the kingdom of Bambarra, that are Jews in their religious rites and observances. Nearly every family, he says, has among them the laws of Moses, written on parchment; and although they speak of the prophets, they have none of them in writing. There are yet vast unexplored regions in Africa inhabited by negroes, who have never looked upon the face of a white man. When adventurous travellers penetrate to those regions, much will be discovered and developed to astonish and interest the world.

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## A POCKET BOOK FOUND.

The unsophisticated country reader will say, "Then somebody must have lost it." He is very much mistaken. Nobody lost it. It was found—not lost, or rather it was lost on purpose to be found. That is one of the 'city trades.' If you come from the country to the city, as every body is coming now-a-days, to see the World's Fair at the Crystal Palace, you may lose your pocket book; but that will not be found, not that you will ever know of; but you may know of some other one being found, and have a chance to possess yourself of it upon very reasonable terms, for the finder will be just going to leave town, and very anxious that the unfortunate individual who lost the pocket book full of bank bills, should have it restored to him, and as you look like a very honest gentleman, he will entrust you with it, knowing from your looks—you will look green, or else you will not be thus accosted—that you will advertise and return it to the owner. What a happy thing that lost pocket books fall into such honest hands, and are transferred to others equally honest—that is your own.

Perhaps before you have a pocket book transaction on private account, you would like to read a little incident in that line.

One of our composers happens to have just that sort of look that pocket book finders judge susceptible of receiving all assertions for truth; in short, one they take for green, though sadly mistaken in the color.

Not long ago, one Monday afternoon, he was strolling down Courtland street near the ferry, about the time of the departure of the 5 o'clock Philadelphia train. Directly a couple of individuals came hurriedly along as though they had just got up steam to overtake the cars five minutes after they had started. They stopped near our man and looked around anxiously as though to find somebody of whom they might venture to ask a question without danger of being robbed by some of the pocket picking, or pocket book dropping gentry of this wicked City. One of the pair was a country, farmer-looking, honest-faced man, about 45 or 50, with a value in hand, equally counterfeited in its appearance with its owner, both of which looked as though this might be their first appearance in the city. His companion was a young man 18 or 20, of course he called the old man 'daddy.' He was dressed rather on the flash order, with rings on his fingers, and a gold chain of many proportions. 'Daddy' wore a broad brim hat and homespun coat. The pair approached Typo rather diffidently, and asked him first if he belonged in the city. No; in North Carolina. He was staying here a while.

Could he tell them how to get on the Philadelphia train, and how soon it would go?

Yes, there, and now directly. "Are you going there, stranger?"

"Yes, we had started to go; we live in old Virginia—we came up with some critters—and made a right smart change of money, but living is so powerful high up to Bull's Head, that it would soon take a chunk of a nag to pay the bill; and so we thought as how we would cut sticks and put out for fall timber, but just now, my boy there had met with a streak of bad luck, and now we don't know what to do."

Typo was rather taken aback. The old man did talk as though he lived in the 'Old Dominion,' sure enough. They could not have had the bad luck to lose the money they had sold their horses for, for 'my son' carried a pocket book in his hand well filled with bills; he did not intend to lose that. Typo inquired what was their bad luck?

"They had found a pocket book full of money."

Most people do not esteem that a very serious 'streak of bad luck'; this honest man did, for he was very anxious to restore it to the loser, and he was very anxious to go ahead, 'for he wanted to see the old woman, and the niggers again.' He looked sharp into the eye of Typo to see how the story affected him, and was satisfied that he was green enough to answer their purposes.

"Blue blizzards! Dad, there goes the bell, we must be off, if we are going. What shall I do with this blasted thing, I don't want it!"

"Give it to this young man, he looks honest, and when the owner advises, he can get the reward."

"Well, I will, if he will give me five dollars. What say you, stranger, will you stand that?"

Typo assented. He was not so green as you might think him in doing so. He had not worked a year or two in *The Tribune* Office, without learning the tricks upon travellers, practiced by villains in all sorts of disguises. No quicker than he had said, "Yes, he would take it if it would be any accommodation to them."

"Well, then, fork over a V. Go ahead Dad, with your plunder, and I will overtake you.—Here, take it, I am mighty glad to get clear of the truck so easy."

He told the truth, then, without doubt.

Typo took the pocket book, and while 'my son' was looking after 'my dad,' he practiced a little of Signor Blitz's slight of hand, and slipped out a \$5 bill, which he made a muss of getting out of his own scantily-furnished wallet a minute after, and handed to the young pocket book dropper, who started off in a hurry after dad, as though the two friends intended to reach Virginia that night. Typo followed close after the young scamp, in the crowd, and saw that neither of them were the least anxious to go on board the ferry boat. He crept up close enough to hear the old one say to the other: "We sold that green-horn easy. Let me see the money." Sonny handed the bill over to Daddy, who looked at it, then at the younger, then at the bill again, and then he boiled over.—

"Why, you stupid son of a—, where were your blasted eyes? I have a good mind to pitch you into the dock. You are a fool. You have let that fellow take a bill out of the pocket book to pay you your \$5, and there are \$2 gone for nothing, after all of our Virginia lingo. You deserve to have your head broke for a fool; and as for that cheat, I should like to feel his ribs with my knife."

Typo, hauled off a little out of the crowd; he did not care to be seen by those he had duped while they thought they were duping him. He thought one might swear that he had picked his pocket, describe the book, call an officer and find it upon him; prove the theft by the other who would be called upon as an entire stranger, and thus incarcerate him in the Tombs.

A few minutes afterward, as he was standing musing upon the corner of the street, what he should do with his new pocket book, some one touched him on the shoulder. It was 'Dad.' He was very smiling.

"I say, young man, you have outwitted us this time. Come give it back and I will give you a dollar. It is not worth a cent to you."

Typo was quite willing to get rid of it at that rate, and told him to hand over the dollar.

"Here it is," said Daddy, reaching out a dollar bill.

"No you don't," says Typo. "I have done taking paper money. Not but silver."

After some little trouble, 'Dad' Sonny both made out to raise a change, and then they found it at bank, but they did not find it tomer green enough to pay out their own money for a dropt pocket book.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

There is a young lady at Saratoga, of such exceeding lightness, that on Wednesday last a whiff of wind blew her over the house, like a thistle down. She is a blue eyed creature of Virginia, and so volatile and ebullient that we should not be at all surprised to hear that she had retired from the world, and taken up her residence in a honey suckle.

[We saw her. She was blown up again the next day, by her aunt, for getting too near a light colored vest.]

Seventy-five Tons of Bibles and Testaments, or 150,000 copies have been circulated in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Northern Illinois during the past six years; leaving an indelible impress on the character of thousands.

James M. Porter, of Exton, Pa., formerly a member of President Tyler's cabinet, has been elected President Judge of the Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne judicial district, by a ballot 400 majority over the regular democratic nominee.

The Winchester Virginian states that during the rain on Wednesday evening quite a number of little shells, measuring from half an inch to an inch and over, fell in that place and vicinity. Handfuls were picked up in some places by the curious.

An old fogey complaining of dull times, and wondering how his young neighbor managed so wonderfully, remarked that the latter spent enough money in advertising to break any man.

"Will you take the life of Pierce or Scott, this morning, madam?" asked a news-boy of our good aunt Betsy.

"No, my lad," she replied, "they may take to the end of their days for me—I've nothin' agin 'em."

We 'wind up' a watch in order to set it going, but when we hear a merchant speak of 'winding up' his affairs, we arrive at the sage conclusion that his time has come, or, more properly, that he has 'stopped.'

Prairie chickens are beginning to come into market.—*Racine Dem.*  
Foolish birds! why don't they wait to be shot and brought in.—*Pou.*

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? They wait carrying out.